

WHEN DESIGNERS NERF THE O.P.

what is called *the social* they call overlord
& its medias & its playstations --
is a politics of surveillance, is
a power in *noh*, who rage in contortion --
how comforting, this sing-sing emprising
in blackbox theories of the randomized flesh
-- pixels were her eyes, fruits of six-helix-
distributions, we can piecemeal her moves
or unsettle or punish, or wavedash
cognitions of a less cerebral zoning
the back and forth that tests our shared witness
of a power that discomfits that arbitrates
beast modes in japan & parries
the incandescent swipes
(furries in code-switch,
deferral of insipid humanisms)
in short a spammer's inferno, stuck in
a charmed circle of unblockables &
tiger knees, teching their skilled fallacy
(against those who taunt & are powerless)
to wing at low variables and spam
from controlled distances a superflux
of digested substances --
we might call the fighting game's mechanism
a fresh physics for
contested liberties, zoned apart
from an actual mobility, something in two dimensions,
simpler, fast-
er, stronger, harder
(when we were wired,
at 3am)
the power-mongers safely pay-
walled, in the gardens of thailand, as they
whiffed us, and missed,
and missed